



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

ST. LOUIS'S PRIVATE GALLERIES

S. A. COALE, JR., has at his residence, in Vandeventer Place, perhaps the largest, and certainly one of the very best, collections in the city. Mr. Coale is Director of the Art Department of the Exposition, and is entirely devoted to art. He gives his time almost exclusively to it, and his money also goes very freely towards the acquisition of gems. The consequence is he is at the head of the list, and his name is indissolubly connected with the art history of St. Louis.

The collection of Mr. Daniel Catlin is not only one of the choicest in the city, but compares favorably with any private gallery in the United States. Mr. Catlin has exercised rare judgment in making his selections, and without exception his pictures are characteristic interpretations by the best and most famous artists. They are enshrined in a beautiful gallery and everything in connection with the display is on a magnificent scale. Mr. Catlin spares neither pains nor expense in his pursuit of works by the masters, and altogether he is a most liberal patron of art.

A thoroughly individual collection is that of Mr. J. G. Chapman, whose residence on Locust street contains probably the finest lot of English masterpieces to be found west of the Alleghany Mountains. The little gallery contains some of the best works of V. cat

Cole, Briton Riviere, Sir Frederick Leighton, J. M. W. Turner, E. W. Cook, the famous marine painter, and other Royal Academicians. There are also four superb paintings by G. H. Boughton.

Colonel George E. Leighton is the possessor of an enviable collection of paintings. He is the owner of one of the finest Jules Dupre's in America. Among the other celebrated masters represented at their very best in this collection are Cormon, Max, Bouguereau, Ziem, Rousseau, etc.

Mr. John W. Kauffman possesses a collection of paintings which include a famous Gabriel Max, a fine Vibert and a Dupre, of his last and best period.

Mr. John A. Scudder has in his collection, works of their best style by Lefebvre, Boldini, Alvarez, Meyer von Bremen, Bertrand and others of this class.

Mr. John J. O'Fallon has numerous high-class paintings. His Bouguereau is a masterpiece, and is not dishonored by the companionship of pictures by Vibert, Dehass, Jacquet, Verboeckhoven, Moreau and other modern masters.

Among other gentlemen who own collections are Messrs. Charles Parsons, A. Deane Cooper, Charles D. McLure, Samuel Cupples, M. Rumsey, Charles Clark and F. L. Ridgley.

BABBLE OF THE BOULEVARD

(Special Correspondence of THE COLLECTOR)

EVER since the incarceration of Guy de Maupassant in a private insane asylum, and the revelation of the deplorable condition into which the young man has fallen, the *chroniqueurs* of the press have been jogging their memory to find precedents. Though the Republic of Letters happily records few such cases as that of the author of "Bel Ami," it has not been wanting of subjects whose writings, if not their actions, bordered upon the brink of insanity. Here, at least, are a few of them:

The Marquis de Sade, one of the most erotic romancers of the eighteenth century, libertine, roué, genius and murderer. Author of "Justine, ou les Malheurs de la Vertue," "Juliette, ou les Prospérités du Vice," "Les Crimes de l'Amour," and a dozen other facetious novels. Deserted his wife and ravished her sister. A brute for brutality's sake. His works sought for in the original by every French bibliophile. Died at Charenton.

Savinien Cyrano de Bergerac. Soldier, duellist and débauché. Wounded in battle, he devoted himself to letters and threw into his writings an originality and extravagance seldom found elsewhere. Playwright, producing tragedy and comedy alike. Molière stole several scenes and a quantity of dialogue for his "Fourberies de Scapin" from Bergerac's "Pendant Joué." Jules Verne is indebted to him for his "Trip to the Moon." Voltaire is authority for the assertion that he died insane.

Réxif de la Bretonne. Romancer, polemic and bad writer. According to his own statement was the most celebrated littérateur of his time. Being a compositor by profession, several of his works were set up directly from the case. So industrious was he that at the time of his death no less than 1,632 novels, stories, squibs, pamphlets and brochures bore his name or pseudonym on their title page. His works have been published in 200 volumes, and comprise studies in political economy, theses on education and philosophy, customs and manners, bon-mots and tales.

Soubira, a crazy notary of Cahors. Like many other demented people, his mania was directed almost entirely to certain numbers. Three sixes in combination occupied him most. He had printed and published a score or more of books in which these characters figure on almost every page.

Quérard, one of the most reliable of French biographers, does not hesitate to class amid those whose intellectual faculties have been deranged the historian Michelet, successor of Guizot at the Sorbonne. He was, it is said, afflicted with erotomania, a malady which was doubly aggravated by the approach of old age. His volume "De L'Amour" contains everything but the suggestive illustrations that appear to be wanting. His latter historical works, in which he sees nothing athwart the ages but vice and infamy, and his bizarre and pointless dithyrambs, all seem to indicate an unbalanced brain.

Baudelaire, the greater part of whose verses are the morbid visions of a disordered imagination, owed the lamentable condition into which he sank some time before dissolution to a too liberal indulgence in what Alfred de Musset called the "green muse," and the sickening fumes of the opium bowl. He remained for months repeating a single word.

Cecile, a dramatic author, in attempting to depict the folly of Tasso in blank verse, became crazed and died at Charenton.

Add to these Gérard de Nerval, Jerome Cardan and William Blake, and the list approaches completion.

"I cannot conceive," once observed Charles Nodier, "of a more interesting volume than a Bibliography of Fools. Eccentric books, written by more eccentric beings, have struggled for recognition since printing became an art. No literary epoch is wanting of examples of these curious products of mental aberration. Their collection would form a capital library, and he who should compile a catalogue of the same would do an inestimable service." What Nodier scarcely suggested a Belgian diplomat, Octave Delépierre, partially achieved. Gustave Brunet, availing himself of the greater part of Delépierre's material, has written some instructive pages on the subject. But as yet the reading public awaits the more exhaustive treatise. Who will devote themselves to the task? Messrs. Henri Harisse, George P. Philes, George Moore, Dr. Garnet, W. C. Hazlitt and the Duc d'Aumale are still in active service.

* * *

The fourteenth, and probably the best, annual exhibition of the Société d'Aquarellistes Français has been inaugurated at the Petit Gallery. The exhibit, as a whole, is far above the average. Detaille sends a praiseworthy reproduction of a painting in oil exposed to view a year ago, and entitled "The Charge," together with a portrait sketch of General Appert mounted upon his favorite horse. "La Barrière du Champ," a paysage of the Troyon type, and "Le Marchand de Poulets," a study of genre, are two interesting water colors from the brush of Emile Adan. Lucien Gross has but one exhibit, a scene in a market place, a good subject well handled and indicative of study. The marine encounter between the French frigate *Vengeur* and the British man-of-war *Brunswick*, a realistic composition by Bourgain, occupies an important place on the tastefully arranged wall. The picture is effective, full of movement, action and detail. The magnificently carved and decorated hulks are in fierce engagement, and although the French vessel is rapidly sinking, her sailors are selling their lives dearly, returning, until the waves shall have engulfed their ship, the deadly fire of the enemy. With the exception of a reduced replica of "1807," by the late J. L. E. Meissonier, Monsieur Bourgain's painting is the most attractive item in the catalogue. Eugène Lambert, a painter of animals, is represented by several studies of long-haired, long-whiskered and green-eyed cats. Two separate figure pieces, very much in the paternal finish, are sent by Charles Meissonier. Six paintings from the studio of the Baronne de Rothschild merit attention. Madeleine Lemaire has a delightful bit of woodland. We should admire it even more did we not feel the loss of her figures and interiors. Vibert is never weary of painting red-robed cardinals. Jeannot, Rochegrosse, Clairin, de Penne, Monvel and others are represented.

* * *

Among the more recently announced deaths, says *Le Figaro*, is that of M. Eugène de Thiac, known as the last surviving lover of Marie Antoinette, and who had devoted his fortune to the cult of the unfortunate queen. His salon was a sort of chapel dedicated to her memory, and filled with a number of valuable objects formerly the personal property of the royal prisoner of the Temple.

* * *

While it is probable that the unfortunate consort of Louis XVI has still a number of lovers, who, in a certain sense, are quite as devoted to the memory of the ill-fated queen as was ever Monsieur de Thiac.

it may be of interest to recall the names of some of those who, in the history of France, have stamped themselves as the ardent admirers of royalty.

The Abbé Duclos was the enraptured suitor of Mme. de Lavallière. Monsieur Laffitte bought and restored the Château de Louveciennes for Mme. Dubarry, presenting it to her as a slight token of his esteem.

Lord Grosford completely lost his head in adoration of the Marquise de Pompadour.

Jeanne d'Arc, whom the English are falsely accused of having burned at the stake, was idolized by both M. Fabre and the Abbé Desnoyers, which again proves to us the susceptibility of the priest-hood.

Marot was said to have been not wholly indifferent to Queen Claude. Ronsard wrote verses upon the graces of Diane of Poitiers, and so in chronological order might the list be continued did not matters of greater import claim our attention.

A certain class of *littérateurs* and musicians, resident in Paris and the provinces, have determined that this year, the centenary of the birth of Meyerbeer, shall not pass by without proper commemoration of the important event. Special representations have been given at almost all the principal theatres, the Opera itself leading the way; so that while a pernicious clique of *va-nu-pieds* have not recovered from the effects of shouting themselves hoarse in defiance of Wagner and the recent production of "*Lohengrin*," less chauvinistic amateurs are engaged in honoring the memory of another, and perhaps not so talented German composer. Circumstances, it is true, led Meyerbeer to spend the greater part of his life and to end his days in Paris, while inclination induced him to choose French themes for his two best known works, "*Les Huguenots*" and "*Robert le Diable*," but he was none the less a Prussian born and bred. The fact, nevertheless, does not seem to prevent his masterly productions being among the most popular of the older operas heard to-day in France. Let us hope, for art's sake, that the works of the more modern harmonist, rich as they are in melody, may share the fate of "*L'Africaine*" and "*Dinorah*."

Meyerbeer was not handsome, but he was a beau none the less, and noted for the taste he displayed in and the correctness of his attire. He invariably wore a black redingote with a large velvet collar, a carefully adjusted cravat, which was wound at least a dozen times about the neck, and a choker, the points of which would have filled the soul of Mr. Gladstone with envy. Tight-fitting trousers, the bottoms fastened by straps beneath the boot, gloves several sizes too large, and a silk hat forced down over his ears, completed the costume. His hair was long and glossy, and every morning at six precisely the perruquier made his entry into the dressing-room of the composer to crimp and curl the rebellious locks of his client. Nothing was found to better arrive at the effect desired than ordinary curl-papers, so that at the completion of the barbouillage the distinguished musician appeared very much as Mr. Bob Acres does when he removes his hat in the apartments of his friend, *Captain Absolute*. The little objects were allowed to remain in their place until mid-day, the composer closeting himself within his study meanwhile. But for a very good reason they were never lost. The servant preserved them daily with pious reverence, and afterwards sold them to local curio dealers, who, in turn, retailed them to collectors at an advanced price as *ouvenirs* of the great man. Such is the way to immortality.

Rossini was the unhappy sufferer from a malady which neither the mysterious ingredients of Cockle's pills or the purgative qualities of certain mineral springs seemed to alleviate. Absolute necessity, coupled with the oft proven inefficacy of nauseous drugs, finally ended in his ordering an immense ivory syringe. At his death the instrument came into possession of Father Baur, who immediately added it to his already unique collection of curios. The Baur collection was afterward bought by the French government, who paid 60,000 francs for it, so that now the precious object may be seen at the Musée Carnavalet in Paris.

The *chef d'œuvre* of the Salon of 1851 was an immense canvas by Charles Louis Muller, entitled "*L'Appel des Condamnés*." The subject represented the great subterranean corridor of the prison of Saint-Lazare, with its dripping walls and sombre outline, the period July '94, the very height of the Reign of Terror. The distinguished prisoners of that dreadful dungeon are gathered together in momentary expectation of their summons to the scaffold—the Marquis de Montalembert, Mme. Leroy of the Comédie Française, the Countess de Narbonne-Pelet, Autié the hair-dresser of Marie Antoinette, the Abbé Meynier, Baron Trenck, Monseigneur de Saint Simeon, Bishop of Agde; the Countess of Perigord, and in the very act of composing a poem, the first lines of which still remain, André Chenier. The names of all these, and more, appear in *Le Moniteur* of the 7, 8 and 9 of Thermidor, 1794, as those who suffered the pain of death. In the background, firm, erect and impassive, holding before him in his outstretched hands the awful list of the condemned, his broad-brimmed hat square upon his temples, stands Hermeau, Presi-

dent of the Commission Populaire. To Verner, whose sinister visage marks his dogged inflexibility, the President reads aloud the names of those whose last hour is come. The painting is a masterpiece, the scene drawn with unerring fidelity, the figures limned with a vigorous touch, and the harmonious arrangement of light and color unequalled almost by anything we have since seen. The picture was again exhibited at the Exposition of 1855. From there it was taken to the Luxembourg, and thence, a few years later, transferred to Versailles, where it remains to-day. A replica of it is in an American collection.

The King of Terrors, whose call the artist had depicted with so much realism, has at length summoned this magician of palette and brush. Muller is dead. He succumbed at the age of 76 at his residence in the Rue de Naples. Few artistic careers have been more brilliant than his; few artists, for an era, at least, have enjoyed such a degree of celebrity.

PARIS, February 20, 1892.

JOHN PRESTON BEECHER.

NOTES AND NOVELTIES

THE proposition is made by certain of our lively young literary producers who are not satisfied with the modern publisher who publishes, or more likely does not publish, their productions, to go into the business for themselves. This idea is not in itself a novelty. It has been tried, in fact, already, and found wanting in that element of success which renders publishing books a distinct business from producing them. But in the present case the experimenters have a second iron in their independent fire. They are not only to publish their own works, but are to boom them through a periodical, which they propose to call *Grub Street*. Whether it is to be a weekly or monthly is yet as indefinite as whether it is to be at all. But this is something no fellow can find out, as our old friend Dundreary would have put it, until the periodical comes out and speaks for itself.

I often question, famous as the name of Grub street is in literary history, whether people nowadays have any comprehension of what that locality really was. Indeed, I know some otherwise intelligent persons who regard the place and its history as a species of myth, or hoax, invented for sportive purposes by the literary guild itself. Nevertheless, Grub street was an actuality. Traveling along Chiswell street from Finsbury Square, the lounge in London comes to a thoroughfare of old-fashioned houses of the prevalent style of Cockney architecture fifty years or so back, which bears the name of Milton street. There is nothing about Milton street to distinguish it particularly from many others in the world's metropolis. Even its name, which might hint as an honor to England's great poet, is not intended to do the author of "*Paradise Lost*" any reverence, for Cripple-gate, as it used to be called, was re-christened about 1829, after a builder who leased the whole street and repaired and rebuilt its battered architecture as a speculation. But Milton street a century ago was the famous hive in which the literary bees of London swarmed and worked and starved—Grub street, in short.

Up to the seventeenth century Grub street was on the outskirts of London. It was a street tenanted by bowyers, fletchers, makers of bow-strings, and everything else that appertained to archery. But it had a literary savor even then. In the days before printing came into vogue, the text-writers, who produced by hand all the books then in use, the A B C books and the like, which were retailed by "stationers" on the street corners, lived in Grub street. Later on John Fox lived in Grub street, though he did not write his famous "*Book of Martyrs*" there. Fox's residence in Grub street occurred about 1572. John Speed, the tailor-archæologist, was a resident of Grub street, where he was famous as the most responsible parent, having a family of twelve sons and six daughters. Grub street of old and Milton street to-day is noted for its great number of alleys and courts. The segment of London of which it is a centre is fairly honey-combed with passages giving access to all manner of odds and ends of buildings. In Hanover Court, which opens on the street, was standing, when I first visited London, a house in which General Monk had lived. Up another alley a theatre was once run. But, in its last days, Grub street was but a poor quarter, and a handy one for the needy men of letters, who found cheap lodgings up its shabby by-ways.

When they first settled there is not known. But in the early days, when the booksellers began to make Aldersgate and Little Britain a trade centre, the authors they employed probably drifted into Grub street, which combined the advantages of being cheap and in the neighborhood of their publishers. From Grub street issued such famous old literary skits as "*Jack the Giant Killer*," "*Tom Hickathrift*," "*The Wise Men of Gotham*," and scores of others now a part of every boy's library. Probably literary men first began to populate Grub street in any numbers during Cromwell's time. Then a great number of seditious and libellous pamphlets were circulated, and as the authors, for safety, had to seek obscure living places, they found a fitting retreat in the maze of alleys which webbed the Grub street section. At any rate, by the commencement of the eighteenth century Grub street had become quite notorious as the poor authors' quarter of London. All the authors but a very favored few were poor then. The life of a Grub street author was that of a modern tramp, only he did more work and ob-